dimly through the ground-glass-like obscura-

Fifteen minutes after the start the Shamrock went about on the port tack, standing to the southeast. The Columbia followed suit about half a minute later and weathered the green yacht handily. The patriots became exultant and bands aboard the attending craft played "Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean." broeze stiffened a bit, and here and there sembed frosty curis on the crests. The duclists heeled to their work, the Columbia a little more than her rival. The Shamrock was incontestably, even to those who were Sir Thomas's green and white ties, getting a bad licking. The Columbia awiftly in-creased the windward gap. The Shamrock went about again at about 11:30, heading northeast. The Columbia also tacked, coming out well on the weather bow of the Fife model.

THE SHAMROCK TRIES A FEW TRICKS. Thereafter the Shamrock took the initiative in tacking. She made a bluff at going about on the port tack and thus induced the Columbia to come about. The green ship merely luffed up, took a better grip on the wind and atood on the starboard tack again. There was a series of short boards then, the talent of the Shamrock always taking the lead. Apparently they hoped, by being quicker in stays, to gain what they saw it would be fruitless to attempt to win by pointing. But the Yankee boat was just as swift going about as the Briton, and the latter lost by these managures. When the Columbia, at 11:52, made a short board, heading to southeast, it was seen that she was at least half a mile to windward of the Shamrock Just before the green racer went about on the starboard tack at 12:25 she doused her baby jibtopsail. It had been knocking her off, but doubtless helping her a bit in footing. Her talent, after a consideration of about ten minutes, set the little sail again. After each yacht had no de four short tacks the Shamrock again hau ... I down the baby ilbtopsail. She reset it three minutes later, her skippers evidently not being satisfied with her progress. When the Columbia went about on the port tack at 1:13, she weathered the Shamrock by about a mile. Seven minutes later the gallant ships were heading in toward the Long Island beach which looked a mere blur through the thickening mist

A PROCESSION NOW; NOT A BACE.

At this time the wind had lost some of its force, but still held its direction. It was observed that the bady jio topsail of the Columbia was slatting somewhat. All her other canvas, however, was doing noble work. The interest of the spectators aboard the boats of the accompanying fleet was slightly dampened by the effect of the walloping that even the inexpert saw the green craft was receiving. It was a procession, not a race. The Columbia stood for the turning mark on the port tack at about 1:47 o'clock. As she heeled to starboard a puff of wind struck her, showing a big segment of the bronze hull. Her spinnaker pole began slowly to descend to port and she rounded the mark at 1:48:19. Her boom awung over to starboard and her spinnaker pole fell to port. Her alert sailormen gathered in her baby pibtopsail, and about a minute and a half after she had squared away her enormous side sail bellied to the breeze. As the Shamrock came up toward the mark

on the starboard tack she was passed by the Yankee craft homeward bound. The sailors on the deck of each vessel could distinctly see one another. It is not recorded that any greetings occurred or that anything was said, but there was doubtless a powerful lot of thinking on board the challenger. The haze had beonly faintly visible half a mile from the mark. The Shamrock went about on the port tack and stood for the mark at 1:55. She rounded it at 1:58:06, having been defeated in the weather work 9 minutes and 50 seconds. She was a triffe quicker with her spinnaker which stops. From her deck the Columbia was then the mere spectre of a yacht; only her form, a ghost-like pyramid of duck, could be seen.

After a little while as the haze grew murkier the Columbia seemed to enter it as if she were sailing through a gray curtain, which, after parting, closed behind her. The men on neither yacht could make out even the outline of the other when the haze was at its worst. The wind moderated half an hour after the yachts turned the outer mark. This was made apparent by the slowing down of the excursion boats. The yachts had set balloon libtorgails some time after bounding away for home. The exact minute was not determinable from the decks of the fleet, as the racers were seen only in dim outline. The Shamrock's balloon was set well forward and drew somewhat better than that of the Herreshoff yacht.

The rest of the race down the wind had no element of excitement. Everybody saw that shead and, barring accidents, she was pretty sure to win by a mile or more. The actual dis tance the Shamrock was astern of her at the finish was about a mile and a quarter leaders of the excursion fleet picked up the shadowy Lightship, three or four miles away, at 3:35 o'clock. The wind had freshened a bit and the Shamrock, receiving its impetus first, closed some of the space between herself and her antagonist. A little sloop was seen just off the starboard bow of the Columbia when she was within two miles of the finish and when the Columbia passed her, the multitude affoat got a sort of an idea of the collossal proportions of the Cup defender. The sloop which was making very good weather of it appeared as a mere pigmy of a toy yacht might look when pictured healds her.

The fluet gathered about the Lightship and waited for the victorious Yankee to bound across the line, which she did at 3:54:59 amid sereeching of vapor from many-toned whis tles, punctured by the booming of a dozen guns. No other racing eacht in recent years has re ceived so modest a greeting. When the Shamrock bounded across the line there was a sim! ar noisy demonstration. There was only twenty-four seconds' difference between the run of the yachts down the wind, and this was in favor of the Columbia. Some of the experts who were admirers of the Yankee ship say that her sails, shrunk under the influence of the damp air, set much better and thus enabled her to vanquish more readily the valorous

The yachts will go out to-day and make an effort to sail another race. This time it will be over the triangular course of thirty miles, ten miles to the leg. The head of the Weather Bureau at Washington, Prof. Moore, predicts easterly and southerly winds for the race, with a velocity of from ten to twenty miles.

COLUMBIA'S ALL THE WAY.

Details of the First Real Race Between the

The faithful band of excursionists wh boarded their steamers yesterday did so with gloomy forebodings and delivered up their tickets to the pursers with bad grace. Some of the boats had given up the unequal fight against the fog and wind, and when their patrons reached the plers from which they were went to sail they found them deserted. The Myles Standish gave it up on Sunday and made for her Boston home, and yesterday morning. shile the newspaper tugs were preparing to leave for the scene of action, the Providence steamer Mount Hope was seen making tracks up the East River, her decks deserted save by her regular erew. At that time no one blamed the quitters. From the Eattery, Governors Island could not be seen, so thick was the fog, and the excursion boats that had laid up for the night at Jersey City and Hoboken made their way across the river with difficulty.

But finally about the clock the Regatta Committee's tugs were seen slowly feeling their way down the harbor, and in duty bound (the newspaper boats were forced to follow. This gave the excursion boats something to hank on and a few of them plucked up courage enough to join the procession. It was a sadoking delegation that crawled down through the Narrows, but as soon as the lower bay was every man and woman in the fleet. To their

full ten miles strong, and the fog had lifted so that one could discern things two miles to the south and east. The wind was from the east, and as the flotilla moved further and further down the bay little bits of whitecaps began to

appear on the crests of the waves.

TO BE A BACK AT LAST. The word was passed around that there would e a race sure, and all hands scrambled out on eks to size things up for themselves. A nasty drizzle blew in their faces, but they didn't mind the moisture in the least. They were willing that the rain should fall in bucketsful as long as the wind was kind enough to per-mit the vachts to cover the course. The sky was overcast and not a ray of sunshine ap-peared to liven up the scene. It was a coldblooded, business like day, just about the sort

the true yachtsman revels in. As the fleet steamed out to where the Swash and Main channels diverge, part of it headed for the Horseshoe for the purpose of finding out what the rival vachts were going to do about But the Columbia and Shamrock were nowhere to be seen. They had been taken in tow by their tugs and gone out to the starting point. The early birds of the torpedo fleet, few in number, shot past the excursion boats as the point of Sandy Hook was reached. The plugged along behind them in the vain enleavor to keep up with the pace set by the grim little war vessels.

Finally the old Lightship became discernible brough the haze. The Regatta Committee boats, the Walter A., Edgar F., and M. E. Luckenbach, and two newspaper tugs were the only vessels on the scene, with the exception of the rival sloops and the boats that had towed them out. When the first of the excursion steamers got within view the Columbia and Shamrock had east off their tow lines and were cruising in mainsalls, clubtopsails, and

The sails resting above the gaffs of both ves sels were the largest they possessed, the Columbia sporting the sail that was made for Oct. 3, when for the first time her handlers saw the overwhelming topsail the Shamrock carried. But the challenger had a still larger sail than the one she displayed that day and yesterday morning she had it up, inviting the best breeze Boreas had to offer.

The fit of the canvas on both boats was all that could have been desired, but possibly the work of Ratsey slightly overshadowed that of Herreshoff.

COLUMBIA'S SAILS MUCH IMPROVED.

When the rival sloops faced the starting line two weeks ago to-day, the green boat showed such superiority in the fit of her sails that Mr. Iselin was forced to have the Columbia's canvas rimmed. The work went on while the boats were waiting for a breeze until the sails were made as nearly perfect as possible, so that when the ninety-footers bowed and curtained to each other around the Lightship yesterday morning there was little to shoose between them from the standpoint of sails. Everything was song about the boats alow and aloft; every stay was taut; every rope coiled and overy sail that might be used in any emergency was in its place ready for use when the order should be given.

On board the Columbia were C. Oliver Iselin. the managing owner, and Mrs. Iselin; Herbert Leeds of Boston, who holds the watch and keeps track of the passing minutes between the time of the preparatory gun and that of the starting signal; Capt. Woodbury Kane, formerly of the Rough Riders, whose duty it is to keep his eyo on the main sheet and affairs pertaiming to the after part of the vessel; Newberry D. Thorne, who surpervises the setting and hauling down of the headsails and watches the head sheets, and W. Butler Duncan. Jr., one of the best amateur skippers in the world, who, with Mr. Iselin, keeps an eye over everything in general. Besides this set of clever amateurs, there were, of course, Capt. harife Barr, who handles the wheel; Mate Frank Alden and the crew of fifty Yankee sailors from Deer Isle, Maine. Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, was also on board representing Sir Thomas Lipton and looking after the interest of the challenging

The Shamrock's passengers included a more imposing array of professional talent. There were Capt. Hogarth at the tiller, Capt. Wringo to boss the sails, Capt. Ben Parker of the Emperor William's yacht Meteor, and the mate and crew. The only amateur aboard who had

YACHTS STARTED PROMPTLY. The Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club, consisting of S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, who have full charge of the race, wasted no time when they found the wind was kind and the yachts were ready for the fray. They did not propose to run the risk of losing a good breeze by waiting for Commodore Morgan and his flagship Corsair, the excursion boats, revenue cutters, newspaper tugs, or anything else. Hardly had they arrived on the scene when they ran up the of their tugs off due eastward to log off a fif-

sen-mile course. Another tug was despatched in the same direction for the purbose of acting as guideboat for the racers as soon as the contest was on. In the meantime the tug, aboard which was the Regatta Committee, anchored about a furong south of the Lightship. Hardly had the best hower struck bottom before a gun boomed rom her deck and a red ball was heisted simultaneously with the display of the blue peter on her staff. This was the preparatory signal and it was given at exactly 10:45 o'clock. At that time there was not a handful of spectators within a mile or two of the scene, but excursion boats were looming up through the

haze and as soon as they saw the flags flying

rom the committee boats, they rushed ahead

under full steam in order to reach the marine

theatre in time for the start. There were not many of them, the fleet comrising less than thirty craft of all description But the fortunate individuals who had braved the disappointment of two weeks saw a race they will long remember. It was a race singuarly free from inclient, but a fine contest nevertheless. Not a rope parted, not a spar carried away and not a sail was blown from its fastenings. There were no fouls, no crowding of the course and no chance for any excuse from either side.

WIND STEADY AND TRUE

When the preparatory gun boomed the wind ame straight, true and steady from the east, Thus the course logged off by the committee boat ran parallel with the southern coast of Long Island, six or seven miles off shore. the day been clear with a bright sun overhead those on shore would have had a fine view of the contest from Coney Island to Gilgo Inlet. But there was no sun and the race was sailed in an atmosphere gray with mist and haze Not a ray of sunshihe appeared all day. The weather was not too raw for comfort and the drizzle was not very cutting except for a time during the beat to windward. On the rum home the wind was with the vachts and no one suffered from it in the least, The breeze held steady at about ten miles an hour during the beat to the outer mark and for nearly half the way home. Then it dropped stendily to seven or eight miles an hour, but reshened up again toward the finish and the yachts thundered across the line with all sails

Hardly had the preparatory gun boomed from the deck of the committee boat when the 'olumbia and Shamrock wheeled into action, They had been loitering about lazily for some time, but they seemed to take on life the instant the signal was fired. Over went the white boat's wheel two spokes, and her green rival's tiller was shifted a foot, and from almost stationary objects they took on the speed of a racehorse. Like two immense sea guils they

closely and determined that neither should get the better of the other in manusurving.

The Columbia was in the windward position when the smoke of the cannon floated off to the west. The white boat, breaking out her stay-sall, passed to the windward of the Lightship, while the green challenger swent under the lee of the old yellow friend of the mariners. The Shamrock had set her staysail before the yachts came together. Standing on a broad reach the Columbia went off to the southeast, with the Shamrock in close pursuit, and while

this preliminary canter was on the warning signal sounded. This was at 10:55 o'clock. JOCKEYING FOR THE START.

Capt. Hogarth was the first to start the battle which was to ensue for the next five minutes. With a sweep of the tiller he put the Shamrock n the starboard tack and raced along parallel to the starting line. The Columbia wheeled in her wake and quickly made for the green boat 200 feet astern of her, but holding the windward position. As they sped along they displayed their under bodies and cut through the water in the way every one had wanted to see for so many days. The Columbia broke out her baby 11b topsail with a snsp. It seemed as if one pull had converted the strip of canvas rolled tightly against vanguard of the slower-going revenue cutters | the stay into a full drawing sail. So quickly was the feat accomplished that there was hardly a flutter before the little piece of canvas was sheeled flat. The crew of the Shamrock tried to imitate the speed of their Yankee rivals, but they were slow in comparison. How-ever, the real race had not started, and the waste of time cut no figure in its result, except that it cheered the hearts of the Columbia's sympathizers. The little scene seemed a happy forerunner of what was to come.

The rival yachts rushed along, the Shamrock In the lend, but with the Columbia on her weather quarter. The Yankee luffed up until she was hardly enough behind to establish an overlap, and sailing thus they prepared to make the start. Coming up, still parallel to the imaginary line which stretched from the her after the first attempt to sail the race on lightship to the committee boat, the Shamrock swung close up into the wind the instant the starting gun boomed. This action necessarily carried the Columbia up with her and with hardly fifty feet of water separating them they made for the line. The green boat was the first to cross, but the white sloop was only three seconds behind her. The official time Was:

COLUMBIA DRAWS ARRAD AT ONCE.

They were still on the starboard tack when the final signal, the handleap gun, boomed from the deck of the Luckenbach. The race began with both boats pinched close up into the wind as high as they could point without lifting their sails. Until they got fairly under way there was no difference in speed to be noticed. Then as the Columbia gradually settled down to her true racing speed she quickly wiped out that lend of three seconds, and before the boats had ravelled a furlong she established a lead which she never relinquished.

The Yankes boat heeled to the wind a triffe more than the foreigner, but that was all right; she had the elements to her liking and she outfooted and outpointed the green lady a way that was good to see. There were no long, rolling waves or nasty, choppy seas to brow the boats off the wind. It was as if they were sailing on Narragansett Bay or in a bight Long Island Sound. The mist dampened their sails and the canvas clutched and held all the wind that came their way. The breeze was not strong enough to put their lee rails ander, but it was a good, brisk, steady article that the rivals got share and share alike. The hazg set in quite thick before they had left the Lightship half a mile astern, but it made the scene more grimly picturesque than ever Both boats threw the white spray from their bows and it splashed over the weather rail into the faces of the men at wheel and tiller. With every foot of water travelled the Columbia showed her fraction of an inch of gain. The Captain of the Shamrock stood the suspense for nearly fifteen minutes before he decided to experiment with the other board. At 11:15, or after nearly fourteen minutes, on the starboard tack Capt. Hogarth threw the green boat's tiller over and the challenger wheeled like a top and filled again on the new tack. began to flutter in the wind. Capt. Barr brought the Columbia sharply into the wind and the white boat was away on the other tack almost as soon as her rival. The defender was in the anything to do with sailing the boat was Jesse | windward position and her handlers proposed Connell, the famous Clyde yachtsman, who, to make the other boat do all the however, only acted in an advisory capacity to leading. As soon as the rivals were Capts, Hogarth and Wringe, as did Capt. Ben straightened out again the spectators on the Parker. The representative of the New York | excursion boats could plainly see the white Yacht Club was Mr. H. F. Lippitt, who, with his brother, owns and sails the famous sloop were now heading southeast, and the Shamrock people realizing chance of outpointing the Columbia and at the same time holding her rival in shack, ducided to try the scheme of keeping the sails well full and outfooting the white boat with the ultimate object of getting so far to windward that she could tack and cross her bows. But this idea was found to be futile. The Yankee went on about her business, eating to windward steadily and apparently showing just as much speed as the other boat which was taking the breeze fuller on her sails. PATROL PLEET VERY STRICT.

The Columbia certainly had no fault to find with the wind, which still held true at about ten miles an hour. The boats tore through the soon rip off the fifteen-mile beat to windward. The Shamrock's experiment lasted only five minutes. Then having got clear of the Colum-But in that brief five minutes she had lost a ot of ground

While all this was going on the excursion fleet had formed into a huge semi-circle. The revenue cutters and torpedo bonts governed themelves according to the movements of the excursionists, only keeping to windward of the matter of fact, there was little need of any patrol system yesterday. There were fewer than thirty vessels of all sorts following the yachts, and this year they are a well-behaved lot. In view of the meagre attendance, the Government boats were, perhaps, a trifle too strict, and n more than one occasion kept the pleasureseekers so far away from the yachts that they were hardly able to see them through the haze. There were just twenty-nine yeasels in attendance, and at this stage of the race the Manning rould not let any one of them get within two

miles of the big sloops. The hopes of the Columbia adherents were a high water mark, as the white boat continued odraw away from the green fellow. She was a good quarter of a mile to the windward and putting more distance between them every roll of the waves. The old, familiar "I told you so" was heard on every hand. As there was no sea to speak of, and the weather was just the kind the Columbia likes, the experts figured she would win in a canter, if the breeze held through. She was doing with the Chamrock precisely what she did with the Defender in their races last summer. It appeared that the Shamrock's only hope was to outfoot the Yankee, but the Columbia was pointing as high as the law allowed and doing all the footing that was necessary. The Sham-rock's big clubtopsail didn't seem to be cutting muchice. The truth of the matter probably is that the American boat's new sail was just what she had needed all along to demonstrate her superiority over the foreigner in

light nirs. SHAMROCK PROPLE WORKING HARD

To see if there was any better luck to be had on another tack the Shamrock came about and sailed off with boom to port. The Columbia promptly met this move by swinging her boom over and both boats headed off to the east. There had been two tacks thus far in he race, both of about fifteen minutes' duration. This board also insted about fifteen minutes, the Columbia all the time showing her superiority. There was nothing to be rained for the Shamrock by a series of short hitches, but as a desperate measure she decided to try the experiment. She started off

sails in the wind as though about to go on another tack, but she paid off again before it was too late and filled full as she was before. The Columbia had taken the balt, whatever its object might have been, and promptly came about as soon as she saw the flutter of the green boat's sails. As the manceuvre had lost her some ground the experts wondered what object she had in making it.

At all events, soon after the Columbia came about at the time of the bluff, the Fife boat went around after her. The Yankee then decided to let the Shamrock do a bit of guessing, so she came about again within two minutes. The Shamrock at once followed her lead. Then the Irishman tacked twice to the Columbia's once, and finally the Yankee wheeled ngain. For a wind-up the green boat went on the starboard tack and the Columbia did like-wise. This little series had insted from 11:45

to 11:51, a period of six minutes. While it was in progress the steam yacht Erin got quite close to THE SUN'S tug, Winslow. Sir Thomas Lipton did not know exactly what the yachts had been trying to do, but he saw that his boat was the trailer and he was restless. He pseed up and down the bridge, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. A black yachting cap was pulled down over his eyes, and for the first time this month there was no smile on his face. Up forward on the forecastle half a dozen satiors and one of the Cingalese servants of Sir Thomas were standing dejectedly. Their coat collars were turned up and it appeared to be a very chilly day for

At 11:57 the Shamrock went on the starboard tack and she was followed a minute later by the Columbia. Both bonts were now heading toward Rockaway Beach. The Yankee was a full three-quarters of a mile ahead and in creasing her lead at every jump.

COLUMBIA MONEY GOOD NOW, "My \$25 looks all right," yelled the chief

engineer of the Winslow. "I'll give you \$24,60 for it," said Cant. Nulty

"I guess not," said the engineer, "I'm

A swell set in from the eastward, but it was not heavy enough to bother either yacht. The wind continued steady and true, and it was a beautiful race for everybody except those who had placed their money on the green boat The contest was one hour old. The drizzle had gone and come again, but the supporter of the Columbia stayed out on the forward decks and dared the elements. They were en joying the race to the limit of the law. A string of coal barges, bound for Philadelphia, hove in sight. The Columbia weathered the delegation easily, but the Shamrock would have run into the tow had she held on to her course. She was, therefore, obliged to tack which she did at 12:11. The Columbia came about and went off on the port tack a minute later. The Sham rock began to pinch into the wind in the vain endeavor to reduce her rival's lead.

The patrol fleet kept the pleasure craft far in the rear, but that was better perhaps, for it gave the yachts plenty of room and left no cause for complaint. The Columbia was so far ahead that she looked like a phantom in the hazy distance, but quite a clear view could be had of the Shamrock.

The green boat's people felt that her baby ;|b topsnil was keeping her off from the wind, so at 12:25 she hauled it to the deck and came about on the other tack. The Columbia followed her in less than a minute and both were again heading northeast. The white sloop was well satisfied with her performance and saw no need of taking in her small topsail. This board lasted ten minutes and then both put about again, the Shamrock setting the example. Evidently she realized that she might as well have her baby jib up again so she set it

soon after tacking. "There is just enough wind for our boat," said an old seadog on the Winslow. "We don't want any more till the next race, and then I'll bet we'll beat her, blow high, blow low. As we are travelling now, we'll beat her a mile at the

turn and after that she can't catch us."

A big ocean liner, inbound, poked her nose through the haze, steered near enough to see that Columbia was away shead, and disapneared in the gloom to leeward. The Yankee was gaining all the time, but now it was not so easy to see it, she was so far in the lead. The Regatta Committee boat was in the centre of the scene, the rival yachts being to windward and the excursion boats strung out in the rear. The Luckenbach was shaping a course due east for the outer mark, so that the Columbin and Shamrock tacked to and fro across her bow. Away up to windward could be seen the guide boat. The mark was perhaps five mile.

At 12:44 the Shamrock went about on the starboard tack, the Columbia following soon after. There was a good breeze out where they were and they were healing to it in fine style. After heading off to the northeast for ten minutes the Shamrock put about again The white boat promptly followed suit. She held the whiphand and proposed to keep it, no matter how great her lead. But she didn't fancy this board very much and only held it five minutes. Then she set the pace by tack ing to port and the Shamrock came about too, taking down her baby jib topsail again as she found it did her no good.

With this tack the excursion fleet pointed for the mark instead of shaping their course to correspond with that of the rival sloops. stake could not be seen, but the guide boat away up to windward was slowing down, showing that she had the mark in view. At 1:08 the Shamrock sent up her baby jib topsail again for another try. The wind hadn't increased or diminished a mile an hour since the race started and it gave every indicaof holding steady throughout the rest of the day. It was a fine old at least the Columbia people thought so, and half of them forgot to go below for dinner, so pleasing was the spectacle in their eyes.

About this time the Shamrock appeared to get a slant of wind which the Columbia dide't enjoy, but the Yankee boat was all eyes and put about on the port tack in search of the favoring gust. The green boat evidently did not think much of it, however, for she, too. came about. During the last two hitches the foreigner appeared to have held her own, but things well in hand.

on after the outer mark became discernible through good marine glasses it was figured that two more tacks ought to fetch it for the Columbia. At 1:21 the boats went on the starpoard tack, the Shaurrock being the first to wheel. They were now heading pretty close to the mark, but were not likely to make it on this hitch. The excursion boats cut corners when they could do so without being observed by the pairol fleet and steamed full tilt for the stake in order to be there ahead of the Yankee boat. But it seemed that several more tacks were to be made before the yachts were satis-

fied with their positions. The Shamrock came about at 1:29 and headed southeast on the port tack. The Columbia did not see the necessity for any move, so she paid no attention to the Shamock. After holding off for two minutes the green boat turned again and took the wind over her starboard bow. Do what she could it the way of trimming sails she could not cut down an inch of her rival's lend. At 1:34 the self in a line between the Shamrock and the outer mark she tacked again to starboard. This was at 1:37. She was a mile and an eighth ahead. A nasty little mist set in again.

One of the most picturesque features of a yacht race was about to be observed and the speciators did not want to miss it. The outer mark was now easily visible to the naked eye. The Columbia was about a mile to leeward of it but not near enough yet to prepare her apinnaker pole for use in the run home. The excursion boats raced polimell to the windward of the stake, came to a standatill there and waited the approach of the Yankee yacht. The Columbia sailed majestically up to within half a mile of the mark and then pinched close to the wind. The Shamrock tacked away off fall and then leave her in a calm the Shamrock and surprise the vessels ran late a breeze played back and forth, watching each other with a bluff at 11:45 o'clock by shaking her to leeward but the spectators hardly no- would doubtless creep up and perhaps pass



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iced her, so interested were they in the movenents of the big white sloop. At 1:47 Capt. Barr put her about on the porttack and headed right for the mark. The boat heeled finely and was footing it like a race horse.

COLUMBIA MAKES A PRETTY TURN

A hundred yards from the turning point her erew started the spinnaker boom away from the mast, intending to whip out the big sall as oon as she rounded. She raced up to the stake without a quiver and then, wheeling gracefully, left it on the starboard hand. Out went the mainsheet and down came the haby libtopsail. So fast was she travelling that she ran ahead of the wind, and for a few seconds her sails were aback until the breeze caught up with her. Then the spinnaker was yanked from its stors and half a minute later the big balloon topsail was spread to the breeze. The turn was so pretty and the spectators

had such a good view of it that most of the excursion boats forgot to salute the Columbia with their whistles. When they did so it was in a half-hearted sort of a way, but the chances are the steambont captains were too much occupied watching the beautiful acene to think much about saluting. They just gave one brief toot and then turned to watch the aproach of the Shamrock. Meantime the columbia was thundering along with vast mentum. She passed her rival and swepton. and before the Shamrock reached the mark the white yacht was almost to view in the gloom to leeward. The creen boat was doing the best she could, but there must have been some sad hearts abourd the foreigner as her skippers and crew cast a fleeting glance at the fast disappearing rival. At 1:55 the Shamrock tacked and stood for

he mark. She prepared her spinnaker pole did the Columbia. But Capt. Hogarth had miscalculated his distance and was forced to luff in order to clear the stake. She soon had sea room, but, having lost some headway. ounded slowly. This was at 1:58:06. The igures for the race up to this point were as

The Columbia beat the Shamrock to the | Columbia began to grow weak-kneed again.

As the Shamrock turned and started on her seemed to realize that they had been somethe Columbia, and the result was that the green boat received a great send-off. As soon as she was headed in the direction taken by the Columbia, the Shamrock began to crowd on sail. In less than two minutes after she had rounded the mark the spinnaker was broken from its fastenings. Then the baby jibtopsail was hauled down in a hurry and the big balloon jibtopsail was ruehed up the stay in stops. At 2:05 it was given to the breeze and then the crew hauled down the jib and

staysail. While all this was going on the Columbia had made such good use of her time that she was barely discernible to those on board the Sham rock. She was salling majestically along with a haughty air that seemed to say she didn't care to swim in the same ocean with the foreigner. The mist had now almost reached the dignity of a rain, and as the haze thickened the | patrol boats, gathered around her. Columbia disappeared from view. It was very sombre scene for the Shamrock men. They knew that they were on the right course but couldn't see their rival, and they couldn't tell whether they were gaining on her or losing ground hand over fist. However, the skilful antain who sailed the green racer left no stone unturned to bring out her speed. They trimmed sheets here and lifted sail there, and finally putting the spinnaker boom away out and the each well forward, they succeeded in spilling the wind from that sail into the big balloon

Every sail was now drawing to its limit, and from that time on there was hardly a flutter in any part of her canvas until she finally hauled them on deck after tasting the bitter cup of defeat. After getting the sails trimmed to their satisfaction, there was nothing else to be done the crew gathered aft and peered under the sails in a vain search for the Columbia. It must have been a particularly exasperating time for the challenger. All she could do was to plunge forward into the vague mist, not knowing how far ahead in that haze the Columbia was

THE BUN FOR HOME.

The drizzle censed, the sky lightened, and at last the Columbia could be seen again. In the few minutes they were lost to view neither boat appeared to have gained or lost. The wind was just as strong as it was when the race began, but it did not appear to be so because the boats were now travelling with it. The excursion fleet decided to lorge shead and race with Columbia came about, and as she placed her- the Columbia for awhile. They had split into two lines and new formed a lane through | turned inside the Hook and then the big boats which the Shamrock travelled. The pleasure seekers soon eaught up with the Columbia. leaving the Erin to stay by the Shamroo There was no sign of life on board Sir Thomas Linton's big steam yacht.

When the excursion steamers got alongside the Yankee boat it was seen that all her sails were drawing well and she was going ahead just as fast as the wind would drive her. maintained her lead of ten minutes, but as yet had not a mortgage on the race. In running before the wind either an increuse or decrease of the breeze favors the tallender. The Co lumbia's supporters were praying that the wind would hold through to the end. Should it

her, thereby destroying the fine gain made or the beat to windward. About this time the wind did begin to drop, but at no time did it get below five miles an hour, and during the last two or three miles of the run it breezed up again, allowing the boats to finish with every thing drawing full. At 2:30 the sloops were about in the same

relative positions, that is to say, the Columbia still maintained her lead of more than mile, or of nearly ten minutes in time. Nothing short of a fluke could snatch victory from her. The excitement of the turn at the outer mark had passed, and the excurionists settled down to calculating whether the Shamrock was gaining on the Columbia or the white boat was holding the green one. Many of them thought the foreigner was picking up a little, but her gain, if any, was very slight. At 2:50 the Columbia's balloon jib topsall began to belly just a triffe, but not enough to cause any worry on the part of her supporters. The guide-boat kept a mile ahead of the leading yacht, sharing a true course for the Sandy Hook lightship. The tide was with the boats. and the race was almost sure to be completed

within the time limit of five and a half hours. Here again the patrol boats were a little too exacting. The regulations framed for the Cup races allow the excursion boats to steam within half a mile of the sloops when they are sailing before the wind, but the revenue cutters and torpedo boats insisted on keeping the fleet nearly a mile and a half from the line on which the Shamrock and Columbia traveled. If abeam of the white boat, the green boat ould hardly be seen in the haze, and if one stayed abreast of the challenger, the other was almost out of sight. Fortunately the mist lifted a bit, and the situation from the spectators' standpoint was not altogether hopeless.

CLOSE WORK ON THE JOURNEY HOME. At 3 P. M. the Columbia was maintaining her advantage. Indeed, it was a close thing, as far

as elapsed time goes, all through the journey home. When the returns were all in it was found that the winner had gained only 24 seconds in the fifteen-mile This was hardly observable dur-Alast. Mark, run. This was hardly observable dur-libited 1 Asata ing the progress of the journey home. About this time the balloon jib topsail of the mark nine minutes and fifty seconds, clapsed while the Shamrock's big headsall was curving minutes the green boat probably gained a few what lax in the matter of salutes. So they and was doing most of the business made up to the Shamrock what they owed to as far as showing full sails went until at last the favoring breeze reached the Columbia. From that time on the Shamrock's career was

Now all hands began to search the panorama to lee ward in the hope of locating the Sandy Hook Lightship. At last the foremost tug of the procession found the familiar old vessel and at once shaped a course for it. The other steamers and tugs followed suit, ringing jingle bells in order to be in at the finish. This was an easy matter, as the yachts were not travelling more than eight knots an hour. The nearer they hopes of the Columbia's adherents. Nothing short of a miracle could now forestall victory for the American sloop. The Regatta Com mittee's tug ploughed ahead at full speed to anchor in the point she had left some hours before, and the excursion fleet, as well as the

FINISHED IN A SPANKING BREEZE

On came the Columbia, her sails pulling hard at their sheets. A mile or more in the rear thundered the Shamrock. At her heels was a fine capful of wind, as could be seen from the big white-capped rollers that played about her. But the wind was too late to save the challenger, which was now beaten beyond all doubt. She might reduce the Yankee's lead a bit, but the white boat's grip on the first race was secure. At a ten-mile gait the Columbia tumbled along for the finish mark now only half a mile away. The wind fell for a few seeands when she was within a hundred yards of the line, but a final puff sent her across a win ner by more than ten minutes. As the gun boomed from the committee boat every vessel in the fleet set its whistle going. while some of the steam yachts fired their cannon. Not to be outdone the Sandy Hook Lightship gave vent to what were intended to be a few cheering blasts, but the mournful whiatle that warns mariners made out a doleful salute. The Columbia crossed at 3:54:50.

It seemed an age before the Shamrock reached the end of her journey. But she finally loomed up majestically and as the gun sounded her crossing time at 4:05:10 whistles of the vessels screamed a loud greeting to the game, but vanquished cup hunter. The yachts took in sail as soon as they passed

the Lightship and a few minutes later were led by their tugs to the moorings in the Horseshoe. The excursionists followed them until they and little ones scrambled up the Bay for home. THE SUMMARY.

Outward Elapsed Corrected Mark, Finish, Time, Time, н. м. г. н. м ч. H. M. S. H. M. S. H. M. S. FERRY MINIA. 11:01:00 1:48:10 P:54:50 4:53:53 4:53:53 11:01:03 1:58:06 4.05:10 5:04:07 5:04:01

Columbia best Shamrock to the Outward Mark 9 minutes 50 seconds elapsed time. Columbia best Shamrock on the run home 24 seconds. Total gain in the race 10 minutes. 24 seconds. Columbia allows Shamrock 6 seconds, and therefore won by 10 minutes, 8 sec-

onds corrected time.

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hours, 47 minutes, 13 seconds, and Shamrock made it in 2 hours, 57 minutes, 3 seconds minutes, 40 seconds. Shamrock's time was 3 hours, 7 minutes, 4 seconds.

ABOARD THE ERIN.

Sir Thomas Not Discouraged-He Wants a

Of course every one on the Erin was disappointed with the result of the race. If there had been no trials in light weather and the well in very light breezes no one would have been surprised because Sir Thomas Lipton said that he did not think the Shamrock a good light weather boat; that is, not as good as the seconds, but certainly not enough for Sir | Columbia. The three unfinished races, nowhopeless race for home, the excursion fleet | Thomas Lipton to feel that he had a grasp on | ever, gave the British yachtamen some hope, the Cup. She bowled along in style and they were very much surprised when the Columbia at the start began to sall away from the Shamrock and continued to do so through-

out the entire contest. Sir Thomas Lipton and his guests on the Erin had thought that even in light weather the Shamrock would make a good showing. and had hoped that she would win. They are

SCIENTIFIC REPORT ON COFFEE

Shows it Can be Used by Some, and is a

Poison to Others. A gentleman connected with the Newberry Library, Chicago, has gone very carefully through the medical department, consulting and compiling from the best works of this country and abroad, on the value of coffee.

There is abundance of evidence to show that

in some cases coffee, used as a stimulant, is of advantage, while with many human systems is is a decided poison which will build up chronic conditions of disease if made use of steadily. The investigator writes: "We have used for years your Postum Food Coffee and found nothing to fill its place." Among the quotations appears the following :-

"One of the highest authorities in Materia Medica and Therapeutics in England says: Caffeine, which is the stimulating part of coffee, is, in general terms, a stimulant first. and subsequently a paralyzant to the ner centres in the cerebellum, medulla and spinal

"In small doses it quickens the activity of the heart and raises arterial tension. Larger doses often over-stimulate the cerebral circulation causing great heaviness of the head, flashes of light before the eyes, insomnia, restlessness, and even delirium. Administered in sufficient quantity, it would doubtless prove fatal to

"To thousands of people, coffee, of which caffeine is its chemical structure, is therefore a poison. Languor, restlessness and prostration follow as a result in the system when the habit of its continuance is required. This is followed by muscular tremor and sometimes dizziness, with nervous dyspepsia and insomenia; in fact, a train of depressing alls frequently not traceable to the beverage which

never inebriates, but is in reality the source. The gentleman concludes his long and very interesting paper on the subject with the statement, "Companies similar to that of the Postum Ceren! Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, and to be multiplied and stand as benefactors of Whatever our personal preferences, let us not class these changes in dictary to ;culiar views and theories, but rather as genernlly recognized and accepted truths, a valua-ble acquisition of progress and investigation.

scientific and philanthropic.' The rapid pace lived by American brain workers has forced them to seek food and drink that quickly and surely rebuild the ex-

hausted energies, and such people as a rule feel the disastrous effects of a continued use of coffse. It is to furnish this class of people with correct food and drink, selected and manutactured in the most scientific manner, that Postum Cereal Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts have been placed on the market. All first-class Columbia made the beat to the mark in 2 grocers furnish these. - Ada,